

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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UNCLE WIGGILY AND ALICE'S POTATOES.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, was out riding in his automobile one day when, all of a sudden, he saw something brown and about as large as a baseball, only quite out of round.

"I guess that's a stone," said Mr. Longears to himself. "I must be careful not to run over it or I might cut my tires, get a puncture and make a lot of work for myself."

So he steered out of the way of the brown object, and as he was passing it, Uncle Wiggily saw that it was a potato.

"Oh, no! It would be too bad to let that go to waste," said the rabbit gentleman to himself. "I'll pick it up and take it home to Nurse Jane. She can wash off the dirt and make it into a stew or salad or something like that."

Uncle Wiggily hopped out of his auto and picked up the potato. It was a new one, not having been used before, and at all second hand, as are some potatoes I have seen.

Well, this day is starting off all right," thought Mr. Longears. He drove along a little farther in his auto and, all at once, he saw another brown object lying on the woodland path.

"A second potato!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "This is better than ever. Nurse Jane will be able to make a fine stew."

He picked up the second potato, put it with the first, and drove on a little farther. Soon he saw potato No. 3.

"Better and better!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily with a twinkle of his pink nose. "Some farmer must have been driving along with a load of potatoes on his wagon, and these rolled off. He didn't want them I guess, or he wouldn't have stopped and picked them up, so it will be all right for me to take them."

Uncle Wiggily put potato No. 3 with potatoes No. 1 and No. 2, and he drove on a little farther. All at once he saw potato No. 4.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. "This is quite remarkable. I wonder who lost all these potatoes? There are still others along the road ahead of me!"

He looked through the woods and saw about forty-seven potatoes more scattered about. Uncle Wiggily gathered them all up, and put them in the automobile.

"Nurse Jane will be very glad to get these," said the rabbit gentleman to himself as he picked up the last potato. "I think it was No. 287, or something like that—maybe not quite so much, but there were quite a few."

Uncle Wiggily was thinking how pleased Nurse Jane would be at having him bring home a lot of potatoes, when he saw one more lying on the road. It was a new one, not having been used before, and at all second hand, as are some potatoes I have seen.

This will cut down the high cost of living a bit," thought Mr. Longears quite pleased with himself.

Then, all of a sudden, he heard some voices behind a mulberry bush, near which he had stopped his auto. "You lost the potatoes!" said one voice.

"Oh, Jimmie Wibblewobble! I did not!" quacked another voice.

Well, didn't you have the bag of potatoes, and then you lost them? You got it at the store," went on the first voice. "And now the bag is empty and the potatoes are gone! Why, last night, I'd like to know, Alice Wibblewobble!"

"Ha, these are the duck children friends of mine," thought Uncle Wiggily as he smiled and twinkled his pink nose. "They seem to be in trouble."

He looked over the top of the lemonade bush in time to hear Alice say: "Well, I know I carried the bag, but you asked me to ride on behind your bicycle and you went so fast you jiggled me and all the potatoes jogged out, so there, Jimmie Wibblewobble!"

And Alice sounded as though she were crying.

"Don't worry! It's all right!" said Uncle Wiggily in his jolly voice. "I picked up a lot of potatoes on the road, guess they must be the ones you lost from the bag, Alice. The potatoes are in my auto, and if you and Jimmie get in I'll ride you home."

"But I have my velocipede," spoke Jimmie, the boy duck. "I was riding home on it when I saw my sister, Alice, with the bag of potatoes, and I told her to stand on the back axle and I'd give her a ride."

"And I did and I lost the potatoes," said the little duck girl.

But she felt better when she saw all of them in Uncle Wiggily's automobile, and soon she and Jimmie and the velocipede were in the gasoline machine also, together with the potatoes, and they were having a nice ride home.

Uncle Wiggily felt a bit sad at not being able to keep the potatoes himself, but he was glad he could make Alice happy. And as they were riding along, all of a sudden, out from behind a fence popped the bad Bazooka.

"Here, wait! I want one!" he cried, as he made a grab for Uncle Wiggily.

"Look out! Look out!" quacked Alice. "Don't you dare hurt Uncle Wiggily. Hundreds and hundreds of eyes are watching you. Hundreds of eyes!"

"Eyes? Whose eyes?" asked the Bazooka, sort of shivery like.

"The eyes of my potatoes!" quacked Alice, and the Bazooka was so surprised that he tumbled over in a backward somersault and Uncle Wiggily and the duck children sped on in the auto. So all was well, you see, because of the eyes in the potatoes, and if the cake of soap doesn't try to come to the ironing board's party without washing the hands of the clock, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie's radish.

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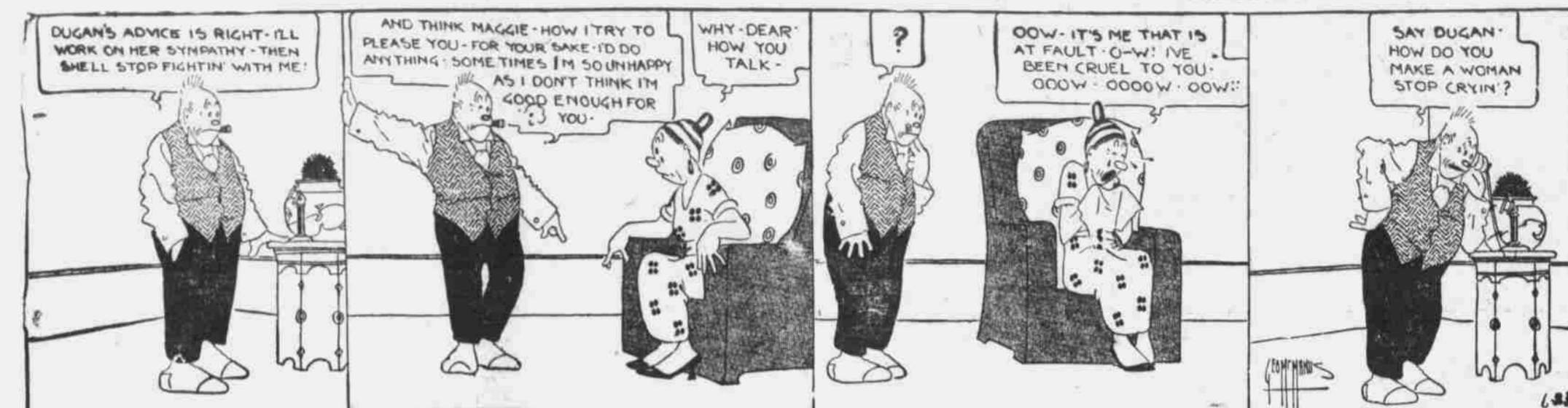
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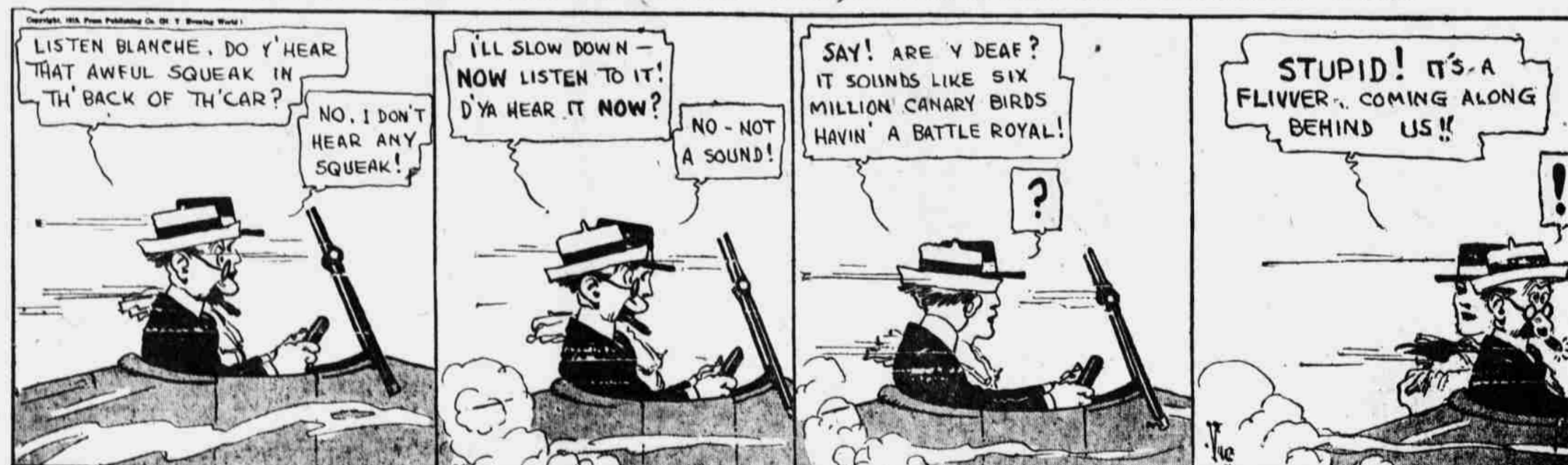
LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Look Out, Mom—You Dug a Pit for Yourself!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Look Out, Maggie—It May Be a False Start!



JOE'S CAR—Joe Can Hear 'Em, Even if He Can't Locate 'Em!



DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Mr. John Robert Grege—the man who put the extra short in shorthand—was asked to address the graduating class of the secretarial course of the Central Y. W. C. A. in New York. Wishing to give these girls some really practical and helpful advice instead of the usual flubdub platitudes that are handed to the sweet girl graduate on such occasions, Mr. Grege asked a number of business men with whom he habitually lunches what he should say.

"If you had a daughter in that class, and she was just starting out to make her way in the world, what counsel would you give her?" he asked.

The first man said, "Tell these girls that the inherited housekeeping instinct of women for orderliness is infinitely valuable in business, and to develop that to its highest power. You know at home it is always mother who can lay her hand on anything that is wanted, and can find in the dark the hat or the coat that you have turned out three closets and all the linen drawers looking for in vain. And it is mother who reminds you of the birthday and anniversary, and he is going to the Smithers for dinner, and has promised to show up at the church bazaar."

"Believe me, the feminine faculty for sleuthing and remembering is just as valuable in an office as it is in the home, and my own office secretary adds immensely to my comfort and efficiency by keeping my office and papers in apple pie order, and calling my attention to my appointments."

The next man said, "Be sure to tell the girls to dress in a businesslike manner. Tell them not to wear peck-a-boos, waltzers, and high-heeled shoes, and not to be extravagant with paint and powder. This doesn't mean that they are to dress like imitation men, or to go dowdy and sloppy."

A business man likes to see his women employees neatly dressed, but not doped up as if they were going to a party. For a girl to come to work in a low necked gown with a camouflaged complexion, and loaded down with jewelry, destroys her employer's faith in her efficiency. It shows she lacks judgment, and that her mind is on having a good time instead of getting on in her profession."

Another man said, "Tell them that nothing is more important than that they should give absolute loyalty to their employers, and accept no other mouth about office matters. It is because

women chatter too much that many men are afraid to have them in confidential positions. Why, not long ago in the office where I worked, a stenographer gave away a really vital piece of information concerning a big deal that her employer was trying to put over, and she did it without any idea that she was committing the unforgivable sin in business. She merely remarked to her chum with whom she was going out to lunch, 'Gee, but Hls Nibs is as cross as a sore-headed bear. Guess he is worried because the X. Y. Z. people haven't come across yet, and he's trying to beat him down on his price.'"

Another man said, "The greatest fault I have to find with the girls who come into my office direct from school is that they think they know exactly how things should be done. They believe that the way they are taught in school is the only way to do things, and resent being asked to conform to the customs of the office when these customs differ from their school customs. They don't realize that while the school teaches them the theory of things, it is not always possible to change the methods of a big corporation."

Another man said, "Tell the girls to learn adaptability and to cultivate initiative. That's where most girls fail. They are timid about making suggestions, or making suggestions that would simplify the work."

Another man said, "Tell the girls to come to the office with a clean face, without make-up, for much depends upon their appearance. Then tell them to cultivate an agreeable personality, a friendly smile without coquetry, and to show that they are interested in their work. There is nothing that a business man likes to see about him so much as cheerful, happy workers, who are enthusiastic over their jobs, and who make him feel that they are pulling with him, and trying to make the business a success. Remember, it is not only full measure of service the first consideration, and not to think of the remuneration first, and the amount of work necessary to get it afterward. Nobody, either man or woman, ever arrives who doesn't make a little more than they are paid for, especially at the beginning of the game. Impress on the girls the value of time. Most women are time wasters because domestic life is not run on a schedule, and five or ten

minutes don't seem to count much. In an office that is different. I estimate that I lose the service of two women every day through the laziness that the employees in my office spend in primping in the morning after they get to the office before they settle down to their work. Also impress on the girls that they make a terrible mistake in slighting their work and refusing to learn to do it thoroughly because they regard it as temporary, for it often lasts much longer than they expect and sometimes the man never comes along at all. Besides which interest in their work makes the day pass more pleasantly and draws down the good pay envelope."

Another man said, "Tell them that they won't get their salaries increased by making 'goo-goo eyes' at the boss. And there you are, girls. This is the real opinion of real business men on how to succeed. Think it over. (Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)"

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YE TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

BY K.C.B.

FROM JUST reading the paper.

YOU'D GET an idea.

THAT HIRSH Johnson.

WHO SITS in the senate.

FROM THE state of California.

WAS A terrible man.

AND BURNED red fire.

AND BURNED everything up.

AND ATE nails.

AND BROKEN glass.

OR ANY old thing.

AND THAT'S the idea.

I HAD myself.

UNTIL ONE day.

WHEN HE was the governor.

OF CALIFORNIA.

I WENT to his office.

WHILE HE was out.

AND WAITED his coming.

FOR I wanted to see.

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WHAT SORT of a man.

WAS THIS fighting man.

THAT I'D heard about.

AND HE came in.

AND HE shook my hand.

AND WE talked a while.

AND I mentioned the babe.

AND HIS eyes lit up.

AND HE swiveled his chair.

AND PICKED up the frame.

AND SWEELED again.

AND CAME back to me.

AND THE darn fool things.

THAT HE told me.

THAT KID could do.

I ALMOST laughed.

RIGHT THERE in his face.

AND I think he told me.

AT LEAST three times.

THAT IT was his grandchild.

AND ANYWAY.

WE GOT to be friends.

AND SOME time later.

I WENT with him.

TO A picture show.

WHERE A terrible man.

WAS STARVING Mary Pickford.

OR SOME such thing.

AND THE governor cried.

AND ALWAYS after that.

I NEVER was afraid.

TO WALK right up.

AND SLAP him on the back.

OR ANY old thing.

I THANK you.

A Line On Men

You Read About

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the

National City bank in New York, and

famous American financier and

corporation head, has

returned from Europe with a story

of appalling conditions.

He spoke at a dinner in New York

recently and stated that

England is on the verge of a revolution.

He said that America alone could

save Europe, and that its aid must

be extended to all

corners equally.

Food conditions in

Europe will be

worst in years, and

the suffering after

the war will be

greater than it was during the war, he

asserted.

He quoted a British minister as saying

that means would have to be found

to find 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 English-

men out of the British Isles and closer

to the sources of food production.

Italy is afraid to disband her army

because she cannot employ the men

in a field of idleness, he said.

Mr. Vanderlip is not an alarmist, and

his warnings made a deep impression.

HOROSCOPE

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1919.

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In the morning hours of this day Venus and Mercury dominate for good, according to astrology. In the evening Jupiter is in benefic aspect.

It is an uncertain rule for women, since matters that appear beneficial in the morning may be disappointing in the afternoon.

Contracts, leases and agreements of every sort are subject to favorable direction, if signed this morning, and they will be especially fortunate if they concern the automobile.

Love letters should meet with a sympathetic response, if sent in the morning of this day, but later they will be unlucky, in all probability.

The evening is most auspicious for meetings of influential men. Banquets, conferences and conventions should be well directed, bringing success to matters of importance.

This away, which is favorable to farmers and gardeners, should be especially good for melons. This year their fruits that grow upon vines is held to be under lucky stars.

According to ancient lore, this day is conducive to faithful service on the part of women hired under it. It should be also exceedingly favorable for fishing.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a happy year marked by fortunate changes and pleasant travel. Young women should be triumphant.

Children born on this day are supposed to be clever, industrious and inventive. These subjects of cork it usually gain in some public manner and make fame for themselves.

